The Sinking Feeling (live)

The The

All my books lay on the table
Waitin' to unfold
I sit and stare at my reflection
While the darkness chills my bonesMy head fills like a junk shop
In desperate need of repair
The path of least resistance leads to the
Garbage heap of despair
I think I'd better get back in bedI'm just a symptom of the moral decay
That's gnawing at the heart of the country [Repeat: x2]You can't destroy your problems
By destroying yourself
Death is not the answer
For your soul may burn in hellMy memory my fond deceiver
Is turning all my past into pain
While I'm being raped by progress
Tomorrow's world is here to stay
They wouldn't have it any other wayI'm just a symptom of the moral decay
That's gnawing at the heart of the country. [Repeat until fade]

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